

—a food chain production—



\$1 ppd. 7205 geronimo/n. little rock AR 72116
(please write for a catalog!)

frankenbones



emily heiple

nate powell

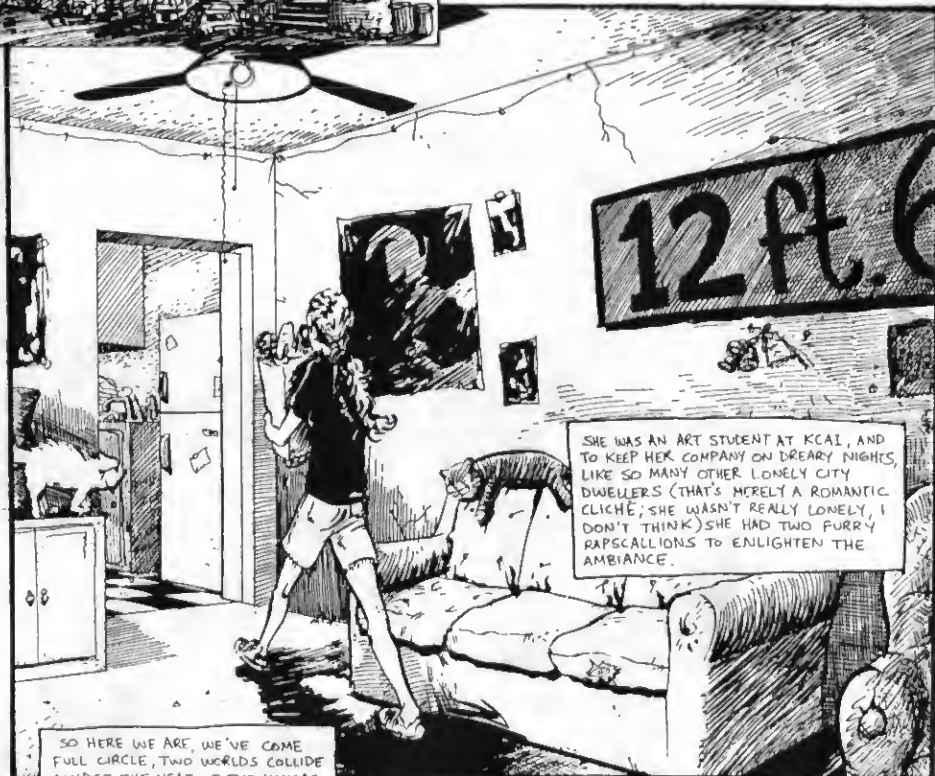


4/99.





WHILE ON TOUR, WE STAYED AT A REALLY NICE GAL'S HOUSE IN KANSAS CITY... FOR TWO NIGHTS. SHE HAD A SMALL APARTMENT, NORMAL CITY LIFE--DOMESTICALLY VIOLENT NEIGHBORS, BAD WATER PIPES, NO AIR CONDITIONING IN NINETY DEGREE WEATHER.



SHE WAS AN ART STUDENT AT KCAL, AND TO KEEP HER COMPANY ON DREARY NIGHTS, LIKE SO MANY OTHER LONELY CITY DWELLERS (THAT'S MERELY A ROMANTIC CLICHE; SHE WASN'T REALLY LONELY, I DON'T THINK) SHE HAD TWO FURRY RASCALS TO ENLIGHTEN THE AMBIANCE.

SO HERE WE ARE, WE'VE COME FULL CIRCLE, TWO WORLDS COLLIDE AMIDST THE HEAT OF THE KANSAS CITY NIGHT. WE WERE TREADING ACROSS THEIR TERRITORY, JUST AS LEWIS AND CLARK HAD DONE CENTURIES BEFORE. UPON ENTERING THEIR SEEMINGLY INNOCENT FLAT, WE COULD NOT FATHOM WHAT WAS FESTERING BELOW THE SURFACE OR BETWEEN THE EARS OF THOSE TWO UNCONDITIONABLE, DEADLY, ANTI-HOUSE CATS...



THE ONES SHE CALLED...

SO FRANK--



HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE A LIFE OF DANGER DANGLED IN YOUR FACE ONCE AGAIN?

what the hell do you mean by that, bones?

MAN, YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN. I KNOW YOU MISS THAT STRAY CAT LIFE-STYLE, LONG NIGHTS, SHORT DAYS, LIVING ON THE EDGE. I KNOW YOU BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT IT, FRANK.

...well actually... it didn't even cross my mind. now let's go get some rest--

she's gonna be after us before we know it.



— THE NEXT MORNING —

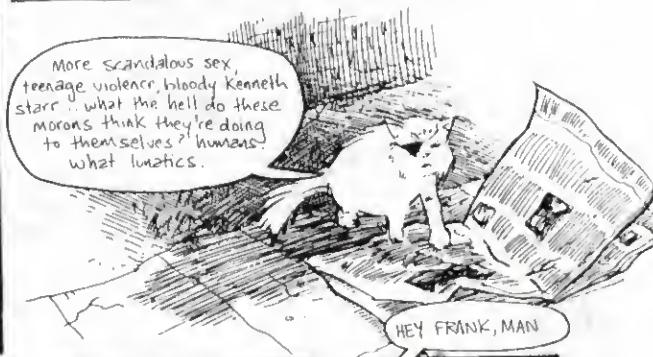


FRANKENBONES!



FRANK MOVED ACROSS WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE COLD MORNING FLOOR

SHE WAS STILL ASLEEP-- IT WAS THAT DAY AGAIN, THE ONE WHEN SHE DIDN'T AWAKE UNTIL ALMOST NIGHTFALL. HE LOVED THOSE DAYS, HE JUST MADE SURE HE ATE A HELL OF A LOT THE NIGHT BEFORE FRANK TOOK THE LIBERTY OF UNRAVELLING THE NEWSPAPER AND GIVING IT A NICE ONCE-THROUGH



More scandalous sex, teenage violence, bloody Kenneth Starr... what the hell do these morons think they're doing to themselves? humans! what lunatics.



SHE'S AWAKE AND SHE'S TALKIN' ABOUT VISATAS OR SOMETHIN-- A BAND, MAN, I HOPE IT AIN'T GONNA BE MORE OF THOSE BORING ART DUDES. THOSE HIPSTER ASS TRICKS DON'T FOOL ME, FRANK...

BUT YOU KNOW, I DO REMEMBER WHEN I PEEPED THAT ONE DUDE'S COFFEE-- I THOUGHT MY EYES WERE GONNA BURST OUT OF MY HEAD AND START BREAKDANCIN--



WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT FOR?!

bones, i told you not to think that hard. now tell me, she's awake in there?

YEAH, SHE STARTED THE COFFEE-- I THINK I'M GONNA GO PEEP SOME IN A BIT. YOU WANNA JOIN ME?





THEY WALKED IN SILENCE BACK TO THE APARTMENT THEY WERE A STRANGE PAIR, AND BOTH AWARE OF IT. PERFECT COMPLIMENTS. FRANK THOUGHT BACK TO THE TIME THEY FIRST MET. HE HAD SAVED BONES FROM A LIFE OF THUGGISH RUGGISH ALLEY CATS AND TORN UP EARS. BONES WAS HEADED FOR THE SAME SITUATION IN WHICH FRANK HAD BEEN TRAPPED FOR YEARS. SEEING BONES AS A YOUNG PROTOTYPE OF HIMSELF, FRANK DECIDED THE BEST DECISION WOULD BE TO TURN THEMSELVES OVER TO THE LOCAL KENNEL. IT TOOK A LOT OF PERSUASION BUT BONES FINALLY SAW THE LIGHT. LUCKILY, THAT ONE NICE GIRL FOUND THEM THERE AND ADOPTED THEM... OF COURSE, SHE ONLY WANTED FRANK, BUT BONES WOULDN'T LET HIM OUT OF HIS SIGHT. OH WELL, EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON, I GUESS.

FRANK!

FRANK, THERE AIN'T NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THERE!

oh no, you were right about the band...

and they've got twice as many as grass!

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO, FRANK?

oh don't worry...

we're going to show them some of that feline hospitality...

here's the plan, bones...

we've put on the "innocent pussycat" act perfectly today-- they won't be suspecting us at all. they're all sprawled out on the ground, flat on their backs.

nothing can stop us.

FRANK, SHOULD WE JUST BOMBARD THEM, OR SHOULD WE SNEAK ATTACK?

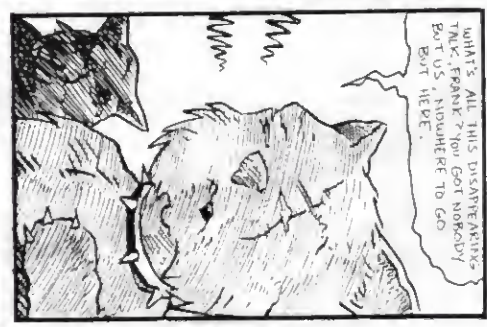
bombardment is the only way to go







I contemplated not saying a word about this and just disappearing, but I couldn't do that-- not to you guys.



WHAT'S ALL THIS DYSTOPIAN-THING, FRANK? YOU GOT NOBODY BUT US, NOWHERE TO GO BUT HERE.



I have to go-- far away from here, I mean, but away from this town, you see, I had an epiphany--



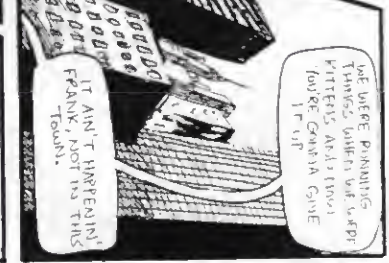
SPEAK ENGLISH, FRANK YOU AIN'T TELLIN' US THAT YOU'RE GIVING UP THE LIFE, ARE YOU?



WHOOOMP!



YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, FRANK. YOU'RE AN ALLEY CAT AT HEART-- YOUR POP WAS A THUG, HIS POP WAS TOO. IT'S IN YOUR BLOOD... AND BLOOD RUNS THICK, FRANK.



IT AIN'T HIRENIN' FRANK, NOT IN THIS TOWN.

WE WERE PUNTING THINGS, WITH A LOT OF PATTENS, AND I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA GIVE IT UP.



Frank, hey MAN!!